

## **Rainmakers**

# **"Too Many Twenties"**

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(B. Walkenhorst)

There's too many twenties, too many fives  
Too many numbers in front of our eyes  
Too many statistics that nobody reads  
Numbers don't lie but numbers don't bleed  
Who's counting when it way past plenty  
There's too many twenties  
There's too much hush money being passed in the joint  
Too many bodies hidden behind the decimal point  
A number's got a name, a name's got a face  
And a face should have a future and a place that's safe  
But the chances of that are between slim and skinny  
There's too many twenties  
Every second sister's got a fighting chance  
Of getting hurt at home by a lover's show of hands  
And every fourth daughter's gonna cover up and cry  
When she comes home from school saying "Mama,  
Papa, why?"  
What are you gonna tell them, just to smile and look  
pretty and take it? Huh?  
All you fathers looking in your little daughter's eyes  
Know that your worst nightmare finds one out of five  
Don't worry about cancer, aids, or nothing else  
Just worry about the fact there's a man in the house  
Till death do us part, man, it do part plenty  
There's too many twenties  
Tick tick tick tick tick tick  
Tick tick tick tick tick tick ten  
Somewhere another woman just took it on the chin  
Tick tick tick talk is tough  
Your sister just had her dignity snuffed  
Every second counts, minutes equal many  
There's too many twenties  
Sound and information are reduced to bites  
And the voice of opposition to a stereotype  
The numbers are numbing, they're hard to believe  
They're blurred by the blood on the balance sheet  
Stack the bodies in neat little piles of ten  
And hit me  
There's too many twenties

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